

Our Religious Column.

THE CENTRAL BAPTIST.

BRIEF SKETCH OF ITS EDITOR.

We don't often step out of our way to praise anybody. But we think our Baptist friends throughout the State will feel some interest in a sketch of the editor of their religious column in the West, and the long and arduous journey with our victim determined to try it anyhow.

John H. Ardinger, now the sole editor of the Central Baptist, is a native of Rhode Island. On his mother's side he is of Huguenot origin, while his ancestors on the father's side were among the earliest Baptist churches on the American continent, the Rev. Samuel Luther being the second pastor of the Swansea Baptist church.

He graduated at Brown University in the class of 1847. Among his classmates were Dr. Fisher of Yale College, Dr. Boyce of South Carolina, and R. A. Gould of Providence, who, after a distinguished career as authors, and the late Benjamin Thomas, probably the distinguished missionary to the East Indies, the days of Boardman. While a resident at Brown he received the University Prize for English Composition.

Immediately on his graduation he repaired to the New York Theological Seminary, pursuing a thorough course of theological instruction and graduating with honors in 1850.

Devoting several calls to the pastorate, he chose the South as the place of his residence and labors, and immediately opened a classical school in Savannah, Georgia. For three years his career in this State was a series of successes in the work of teaching. But his heart was in another department of labor. He longed to devote himself exclusively to preaching, and in 1853 he was ordained and having received a full call from the church in St. Peter's Parish, Brunswick District, South Carolina, he immediately took charge of that church.

Here he married, and here he won for himself a reputation as a man and a minister who is to-day cherished with affectionate remembrance by thousands in the Palmetto State.

In 1857 Dr. Luther emigrated to this State in company with several families from South Carolina, settling in Kansas City, where he established a Young Ladies' Seminary, which when the city was broken out contained over a hundred pupils and not far from one of the most successful institutions of the West.

Compelled to abandon his school, he retired to Saline county and took charge of the Miami church, succeeding the late Dr. A. P. Williams. Very again by the successful state of things forced to seek a modicum of settlement, he became the pastor of the Palmyra church.

It was in this city that he commenced the publication of the Baptist Journal, in January 1866. Rev. W. R. Fainter in connection with him, and several other prominent and successful before the first number went to press. Among the gentlemen who strongly urged and assisted him to embark in this hazardous enterprise were: Williams, Backner, Hollis, Hickman and Pitts, who went to rest, and Dr. D. H. P. Williams, who still lives.

Dr. Luther was then under bonds for preaching without taking the oath required of ministers, and it was during the course of opposing this encroachment on the liberty and furnishing a common organ of communication for the Baptists, that this paper was established.

In 1868 the Journal and the Record were merged into one paper, becoming the Central Baptist, and the leading religious paper of the State rallied to its support as the organ of a united and efficient press.

Whether this periodical has been a success may be judged from the fact that it is now on the eighth thousand of its issue, steadily increasing every week and it is recognized in every part of the country as the best religious journal published.

The editor has at different times been associated with some of the best minds of the State in the editorial department, but he has always been the recognized chief and has devoted himself to the paper with unwavering faith in its ultimate success, an energy untiring and a spirit of self-sacrifice which few will ever equal.

That he is eminently qualified for his position is not doubted by those who have watched his progress from the commencement of his career. His training under Wayland, and his long association with the paper during the early years of his ministry with such spirits as Sherwood and Campbell of Georgia, and Johnson and the older Manly of South Carolina all conspired to fit him for the various duties of a journalist. He is emphatically a newspaper man.

The Central Baptist of Louisville and the Boston Traveler in their sketches of the ministers of the South and the West, mention the name of Dr. Luther as a fine historical scholar, a thorough theologian and a born editor. We need not say more for whose endorsement he has ever been, and who has been a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

In politics, as might be supposed, he is thoroughly Southern in his sympathies, but we do not think any editor has succeeded better than he in making a strictly religious paper. Better than all other States he loves the Baptist cause, and he is its ardent champion. He is a true and faithful member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

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Our Ladies' Column.

Sitting to-night in my chamber,
A bachelor friend and I have
I love the end of my pipe stem,
That and that only.

Reveries rise with the smoke wreaths,
Memories flash around me,
Girls that are dead or faded,
Others about me.

School girls in parlor and rooming,
That I used to love to be near;
Girls that lived to be loved, and
Lived to be loved.

Kisses, well I remember them;
Those in the corner were best;
Sweet were those "on the city," in the
Dark were the sweetest.

Anna was lovely and gentle,
To me was almost too near;
Her lips were as sweet as ripe peaches,
And milk for dinner.

Anna has gone on a mission
To the South Sea Islands;
To be a widow, keep boarders, and
Cook her own dinner.

Charlotte, and Susan and Mattie,
Sweet were those "on the city," in the
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Clothing House.

Sitting to-night in my chamber,
A bachelor friend and I have
I love the end of my pipe stem,
That and that only.

Reveries rise with the smoke wreaths,
Memories flash around me,
Girls that are dead or faded,
Others about me.

School girls in parlor and rooming,
That I used to love to be near;
Girls that lived to be loved, and
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FLASHES

Sitting to-night in my chamber,
A bachelor friend and I have
I love the end of my pipe stem,
That and that only.

Reveries rise with the smoke wreaths,
Memories flash around me,
Girls that are dead or faded,
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School girls in parlor and rooming,
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R. E. HAYS,

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